

For the Weekly Tribune.

THE HEART OF JOHN MIDDLETON

From Dickens's Household Words.

I was born at Sawley, where the shadow of Pendle Hill falls at sunrise. I suppose Sawley sprang up into a village in the time of the monks.

A BIDDLE HISTORY

and his set, for no other reason, that I can make out, than her scorn, dignity, and fearlessness of rancor. It was true we often met her in the grey dawn of the morning when we returned from poaching, and my father used to curse her, under his breath, for a witch, such as were burnt long ago, on Pendle Hill top; but I had heard that Eleanor was a shiftful sick nurse, and ever ready to give her services to those who were ill, and

her, as explaining all that could be explained of the Almighty. I listened in silence, for indeed I was overwhelmed with astonishment. Her knowledge was principally rote-knowledge; she was too young for much more; but we, in Lancashire, speak a rough kind of Bible language, and the text seemed very clear to me. I rose up, dazed and overpowered. I was going away in silence when I bethought me of my manners, and turned

and I could see no reason why I might not stop to her once before she left our neighborhood. I meant it to be a quiet friendly telling her of my sympathy in her sorrow. I felt I could command myself. So, on the Sunday before she was to leave Sawley, I waited near the wood path, at which I knew that she would return from afternoon church. The birds made such a melodious warble, such a busy sound among the leaves, the

Nelly. She was in a sleep, or a faint, I know not which; but I roused her, and held her up by the neck and fed her with a teaspoon, and the light came back to her eyes, and the faint moonlight smile to her lips; and when she had ended, she said in her innocent grace, and fell asleep with her baby in her breast. I sat over the fire, and listened to the bells, as they swept past my cottage on the wings of the wind. I longed and yearned for the

now I had found out what religion was, and thenceforth it had been all an unknown thing to me. Henceforward, my life was changed. I was zealous and fanatical. Beyond the set to whom I had affiliated myself I had no sympathy. I would have persecuted all who differed from me, if I had only had the power. I became an ascetic in my bodily enjoyments. And, strange and inexplicable mystery, I had some thoughts that by even

house, and that she was coming to see her mother. She prayed, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and kept saying—'Oh, that I could walk!'—So that for one hour I could run and walk!'" Sarah said, "Mother, I can run and walk. Where may I go?" And she clutched at my arm; and burst into tears, and said, "God bless me; and told me not to fear, for she would compass me about; and taught me to pray; and now, Father, dear Father, you will send me home, and I will be with you."

Upward to men's respect. Two years passed on. Every day I strove fiercely; every day my struggles were made fruitless by the son of the over-looker; and I seemed but where I was—but where I must ever be esteemed by all who know me—but as the son of the criminal—wild, reckless, ripe for crime myself. Where was the use

In a year or so, Nelly had a baby—a little girl, with eyes just like hers, that looked with a grave openness right into yours. Nelly recovered but slowly. It was just before winter; the cotton crop had failed, and master had to turn off many

One day a fellow workman asked me to go to a bill side preaching. Now I never cared to go to Church; but there was something newer and freer in the notion of praying to God right under His great dome, and the open air had had a charm

and, when he was lulled to sleep and security, to make the best of my way to Padiham, and summon the constable, into whose hands I would give him up to be taken back to his "hell upon earth." I went into Nelly's room. She was awake, and anxious. I saw she had been listening to the voices.

"Who is there?" said she. "John, tell me—it

FIRE AT BATH, N. H.—The large brick building of the Village Falls Manufacturing Company at Bath, N. H., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday last, with its contents. Loss about 20,000. No insurance on building. The lessee, was partially insured upon the stock.